2nd Section PAGES 9 TO 16.

THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

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HONOLULU, HAWAII, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1910.

Town Talk

BY THE MAN AROUND TOWN

King street, Queen street, Kapiolani street, Likelike street, Kalakaua avenue, etc., are historical names that should never be changed, any more than Fort street, or Royal school, or other schools named after royalty either before or after royalty was abolished.

Royal applied to the public band of Honolulu is different and is not correct. It was not a name originally but a designation, as Government band later and County band still later, or the Hawaiian band at any time—excepting the period when the Hawaiian part of it went insurgent or royalist and became a new Hawaiian band—or as the mails and mail boxes are called U. S. and the Canadian-Australian Steamship Company's vessels are dubbed Royal Mail. If Britain became a republic, mail steamers under her flag would not be royal any more. So the royal designation of the band passed forever when the oligarchy called the P. G. took care of its payroll.

The old hotel was the Royal Hawaiian at first simply because it was so in fact, being started and for some years maintained by the government of the kingdom, the title of all of whose property was vested in the sovereign. When it passed into private ownership the designation Royal was dropped, and it was known simply as the Hawaiian hotel until after the overthrow of the monarchy. Then Col. Macfarlane, its owner, stuck on the Royal again to show sympathy with the lost, but not yet regarded by royalists the hopeless, cause. When the late Alexander Young bought the controlling interest the venerable caravansary was incorporated as the Hawaiian Hotel Company, Ltd.

Latterly the affectation has come into vogue of calling both the band and the hotel Royal. If this is allowed to persist, then let us go the whole hog, in barking back to the ridiculous monarchy, and restore to the Capitol its original title of Iolani Palace, and address Governor Frear as His Majesty. This latter might not be so far out either, for there be a divinity, like that which hedges a king, about the business transacted up there which the common people are not permitted to penetrate, at least as of right—if they *do* "pay the piper."

* * *

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,
And handsome is as handsome does, we're told.
But when the fragrance dies, and deeds are sped,
The rose is naught, the beauty's charm is cold.

* * *

"Where do all the kids come from?" a headline reads. It tops a story about children. Thus do slang words, coming up through colloquial usage, pass to print without quotation marks and head for literary recognition as straight English in the course of another generation. Many words in the language have different meanings from the original ones, but that is no excuse for reckless aid to etymological changes that may cause awkward problems. Take this use of kid for child in example. A kid is a young goat, and a goat is the slang word for a guy, a mutt, an innocent victim—in scripture, worse still, it is the emblematic designation of a lost soul. Now when kid changes from the slang term to the proper term for a child, being adopted as such in some revised version of the future, will the preachers not be put to it to explain to the youngsters how they can avoid being goats in the final roundup? There have been great religious wars fought over less salient points.

* * *

To hide our thoughts were words designed,
A sage sarcastic tells us;
But when a word itself goes blind,
To darkness it compels us.

* * *

There be those who object to the malihini Christmas tree because some of the little recipients of joys and toys have either already had, or are going to have, a look-in upon some other Christmas tree, or have come from thrifty enough homes to need no cheer of benevolence. These are cutting things too fine entirely. To be consistent they should disdain to accept a box of cigars from a business friend because they have received automobiles and neckties and things from members of their own households.

Pauperizing the youngsters? Bah! We are all mendicants at Christmastide—or will be just after, when the bills come in. Just the same we are made rich in the coin of human kindness. Do you imagine that I should ever vote for war with Japan, with the memory of the Christmas box our Japanese swill man left at my kitchen door, accompanied with bows and smiles, and verbal bouquets, yesterday evening? It was a packet of safety matches, "made in Sweden," but I appreciate it for the spirit in which it was given as much as I should were it the costliest vase from Nippon.

* * *

In things we get, in things we give,
At merry Christmastide,
We find the thing for which we live—
Good will that shall abide.

* * *

Now, I rise to propose another institutional Christmas tere, of which "the ultimate consumer" shall be the benefactor and the store toiler the beneficiary. For the latter role let the boss as well as the help be eligible. Host and guest may also be interchangeable, for all the sellers are also buyers at this season. This would overcome any difficulty about promotional initiative. At the same time the guests of honor should be the salesladies and salesgentlemen, together with all their boy and girl helpers, who at this season have put in their hardest work of the year. What would Christmas and New Year's amount to without the toil, the patience, the courtesy, yes, even the endurance of these store folks? Their supreme part in contributing to the merriment, the happiness and the profit of the season ought to be fitly recognized.

So far as I know, an event of the kind here proposed would be quite original with Honolulu, hence would tend to enhance the worldwide reputation of the Paradise of the Pacific for community and cosmopolitan amity and hospitality. Hawaii gave "Aloha!" with a hearty exclamation point to the world's vocabulary of peace on earth, good will to men, and we may reverently imagine it emblazoned on the lintel of the doorway St. Peter tyles. Let her give Christendom a new Christmas institution in the form of a Shopkeepers' Post Christmas Festival. Its basic structure might be the national luau, featured with a Christmas tree from which the gifts were gained by lot—numbers having been shaken up before distribution at the individual plates. Say, this would draw tourists—rivaling, while not competing with, the Floral Parade.

* * *

Perhaps nothing is new which is under the sun,
Let there must be a time when a thing is begun,
Give a different twist to most any old thing,
And a novelty under the sun you will spring.

Should the Supreme Court go into Politics?

Probably not since the Dred Scott decision, certainly not since the so-called Reconstruction cases, has the Supreme Court of the United States faced such momentous questions as it must deal with next January. It will then take up afresh the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Company cases under the Sherman law, the suits brought to test the constitutionality of the Federal corporation tax, cases involving the twenty-eight hours law and the pure food and drugs law, and an important boycott and contempt appeal. The chief phases of the corporation question will be before it and will have to be decided—not plausibly or takingly discussed, not treated in a way to please voters and win popularity for the court, but decided. And decided how? According to the established usage in this country, according to the Constitution, according to the standard of law courts in practically all civilized countries, they will have to be decided by considering only the evidence presented and the law as it stands. But according to the New Nationalism something else ought to be taken account of and to affect the decisions; and that something else, as nearly as one can make out, is the present state of public opinion as interpreted by the author and propounder of the New Nationalism.

Could anything make plainer the proportions of the menace to our institutions—to the most successful, the most dignified and impressive, the most sacred of our institutions—which the New Nationalism involves? The Supreme Court, in its composition, its functions, and its methods and standards, represents the supreme achievement of our civilization in government. More than that: it represents long centuries of slow progress in jurisprudence in England and other countries before we came into existence as a nation. To challenge its method and seek to change the very standard it acts by is to challenge the wisdom of the ages, the experience of the strongest and most enlightened races of mankind. If the American people should heedlessly and hurriedly accede to such a proposal they would prove that they are no longer able to govern themselves.—Harper's Weekly.

WHEN CORBETT BEAT SULLIVAN.

Writing in the issue of Harper's Weekly for December 3, William Inglis describes Corbett's defeat of Sullivan in the historic encounter at New Orleans, eighteen years ago. "I can see him yet," says this author, telling of the last phase of the meeting, after Sullivan had failed to rise. "His face was battered, swollen and bleeding, and God knows what thoughts flashed through his mind of life wasted, of fortune squandered, of dominion wrenched from his hands; but John's great heart never wavered for an instant. He raised the thick right arm that had striken down hundreds of warriors, and the roaring crowd fell silent. 'Gentlemen,' he rumbled, 'I have nothing at all to say. All I have to say is that I came into the ring once too often, and, if I had to get licked, I'm glad I was licked by an American. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan.'"

THE MADEIRA MENDICANT ASSURANCE CO.

To the current issue of Harper's Weekly, John Kendrick Bangs contributes a further instalment of his amusing "Table d'Hote Talks." It deals with Mr. Boggs's proposition to organize the Madeira mendicants into a company. "On arrival in port, on payment of one dollar in real money to the authorized agent of the Mendicant Assurance Society of Funchal, every tourist would be provided with a policy holding him safe against the appeals of beggars on penalty of a payment of five dollars. The possession of a card posted on his person would make him immune against their importunities, and permit him to enjoy the Eden-like scenery of this Paradise unobscured by a middle distance of rags and tatters."

TAFT'S ALOHA FOR UNCLE JOE

WASHINGTON, November 25.—A new mark of the esteem in which the Speaker of the House is held by President Taft was displayed today when it was announced from the White House that this year there would be added to the three regular state dinners a special "dinner to the Speaker." For more than half a century the state dinners have been limited to three—a dinner to the diplomatic corps, one to the Cabinet and one to the judiciary. This year, on February 14, the Speaker will be the guest of honor.

The fact that heretofore there has been no state dinner to the Speaker does not mean that he has never been given a dinner at the White House. Nearly every year a dinner has been given in his honor, and Mr. Cannon has been the recipient of this attention at the hands of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. The dinners, however, have come always after the close of the season, when by no chance the term "state dinner" could have been applied.

While the innovation to be brought about by Mr. Taft might arise simply from a respect for the office of the Speaker, Mr. Cannon's personal attitude toward other dinners seems to color the whole affair with the personal or political relations of Mr. Taft and Mr. Cannon. Undoubtedly in view of the increasing friendliness of the two men during the last two years—first in the tariff struggle and last year in the fight for railroad regulation—the construction that will be put upon the new honor Mr. Taft is conferring upon the Speaker will be that, having received aid and comfort from the Speaker when he was in power, Mr. Taft wishes to show his friendship for him in the hour of defeat.

Cannon Regards It as His Due.

Speaker Cannon has always insisted indirectly that an honor of this sort was due to the Speaker. Of course, he was never invited to the diplomatic corps banquet. But to the dinners to the judiciary and to the Cabinet he was unfailingly invited. At these dinners, however, he would necessarily have to yield precedence—at one to the Vice President and at the other to the senior Justice present, and, unfailingly, Mr. Cannon has declined to compromise the dignity of his office and he has consistently "regretted." Mr. Cannon has always held that the Speaker is the second officer in the government and on many occasions he has insisted on something like tacit recognition of his claim.

That much for the social side of the matter. What people will care about most is the political importance of the new manifestation of the President's friendship for Mr. Cannon. Of course the President's friends will say that honor is done to the office, and not to the man, and that the compliment paid to the stand pat Republican, Mr. Cannon, this year will be repeated next year to the Democratic Mr. Clark, but that explanation will still leave things to talk about and the history of the friendship between the President and the Speaker is interestng.

The Taft-Cannon Friendship.

When the President was nominated and before his term began, it seemed an even toss whether open war would break out between the two men. The thing was discussed freely in dispatches from Hot Springs, Va., where the President-elect was summering. The emissaries went to and fro and in the end the President declared for a policy of hands-off in the fight for the organization of the House.

Even at that early date there were mutterings that a hands-off policy in such a fight meant all the aid Mr. Cannon would need. Later developments showed that these predictions were correct. At first Mr. Cannon fought alone with his old power. But as the struggle deepened the President's name was freely used to drive Republicans back into the line. Then the tariff struggle began and the President's siding with Cannon and Aldrich became more and more apparent. The insurgents who had insisted on Mr. Taft's nomination as a natural successor to Mr. Roosevelt, no longer went to the White House, and the President's opinion and wishes were learned, or at least guessed at, from information obtainable in Mr. Aldrich's room for the Committee on Finance or in the Red Room of the Speaker.

The same thing was true in the railroad fight. The insurgents found themselves complete strangers at the White House. It may be straining a point, but it is certain the Republicans of progressive tendencies who were swamped in the recent general Republican disaster will feel no more kindly toward the President for this new mark of confidence in the "Czar of the House."

SINCLAIR THREATENS TAFT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—A threat that unless a pardon is granted to a Socialist editor a "revolution of violence" will result during the present decade is contained in a letter sent today by Upton Sinclair, noted socialist author, to President Taft.

Sinclair demands executive action in the case of Fred D. Warren, editor of the Appeal to Reason, of Girard, Kan., whose sentence of six months in Leavenworth prison and a fine of $1,500 for violating the postal regulations has just been affirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at St. Paul.

ROCKEFELLER SECRET DIES WITH WOMAN.

FREEPORT, Ill., Dec. 9.—Mrs. Margaret L. Livingstone, widow of Dr. William Livingstone, who is believed to have been the father of John D. Rockefeller, died here last night.

If she knew her husband was father of the oil king she carried the secret with her to the grave.

She was Livingstone's second wife.

SOME WASHINGTON STORIES

Big politicians who assemble in Washington always look askance at the man who is not able to put up a stiff fight against adverse conditions. They believe in hitting back until the last gasp after the struggle has once begun, and the hotter the battle the better they like it.

Representative John Morehead, who is now chief distributor of federal patronage in North Carolina, was discussing this one day with a group of politicians of national prominence, and the talk turned to a man who, in a senatorial fight, had quit the field and run at the first threat that he would be beaten.

"His abjectness was so great," said Morehead, "that he reminded me, in humility and meekness and resignation, of a negro I once saw in Nashville, Tennessee. I was standing in a drugstore there when this young darky rushed, or rather fell, into the place. He lurched to a chair and sank down, completely exhausted. Blood was flowing like a river from a terrific gash in his head. The cut looked as if it had gone through the skull. To all appearances, the negro was at the point of death.

"The druggist and his clerk rushed up to the darky with the excited question, 'What's the matter?'

"The negro looked up in a dazed manner and then said simply, 'A friend hit me with my ax.'"

Theodore L. Weed, chief clerk of the Postoffice Department, is exceedingly garrulous when it comes to explaining what a magnificent body of men is employed in the postal service; but he had an experience in Kalamazoo that proved that even a man in the postal service may now and then make a mistake.

Weed went to the Michigan city to attend a meeting of postmasters of that State, and became much worked up over the complaint that a big bundle of badges which had been ordered for the convention had not arrived by registered mail in time for distribution among the delegates. He was in the office of H. A. Hopkins, secretary of the association, when a letter carrier showed up with the registered package.

"Why, this package," exclaimed Hopkins, "arrived in town yesterday afternoon. Here it is three o'clock in the afternoon now. It's been at the postoffice more than twenty-four hours!"

"Must be some mistake about that," interposed Weed urbanely.

"No mistake," explained the carrier. "The package came yesterday afternoon; but I couldn't find Mr. Hopkins then. He wasn't in the office. And I couldn't deliver it this morning. You see, the address on the bundle says, 'Care H. B. Coleman, P. M.' 'P. M.' means afternoon. Otherwise, I should have brought it around this morning."

Then Weed put in an energetic five minutes explaining that "P. M." stood for postmaster and that H. B. Coleman, P. M., was postmaster of Kalamazoo.

Senator Flint of California had just been to see a play in which John Drew was the star. "Fine play," commented the Senator. "Seeing Drew reminds me of a story a friend once told me about the Drew brothers, John and Sidney. I was commenting on the fact that Sidney had gone into vaudeville while John was drawing big houses in straight plays. 'Why is that?' I asked.

"'To make it a short story,' he answered, 'John Drew and Sydney didn't.'"

Chief Moore of the Weather Bureau took a train in New Orleans for Washington. At bedtime he went to the berth for which he held the coupon; but found that another man had preceded him. Moore waked him up.

"See here!" he said testily. "You're in my berth."

"Oh, no," replied the intruder sleepily. "I'm in my own berth."

"But I have the ticket for this berth," protested Moore, incensed by the coolness of the young man.

"Well, you've got nothing on me," answered the stranger. "I have another ticket for this berth myself."

There followed a wordy war, into which the Pullman conductor and porter were finally drawn. It resulted in Moore's having to hunt another sleeping place and sending the upper, while the young man kept the lower berth.

The next morning the two met in the dining car. Moore wanted to discuss the episode of the night before.

"Oh, I shouldn't get sore about that," suggested the victor, still cool and patronizing.

"Look here!" said Moore with some heat. "Who are you?"

"I don't mind in the least telling you that," was the calm reply. "I'm in charge of the weather station at Mt. Weather, Virginia."

"Indeed!" queried Moore. "Well my name in Willis Moore, and I'm chief of the weather bureau and, I might add, boss of the station you mention."

The young man was not fired.

When Theodore Roosevelt was made special representative of this country at the funeral of the late King of England, he was told by Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador at London, that he had to appear at the funeral at nine o'clock in the morning arrayed in full evening dress.

"Never heard of such a thing!" said Roosevelt explosively.

"It will have to be done," insisted the Ambassador.

"All right," said the former President, "I'll do it if you'll let me wear a placard telling the English public I haven't been drunk all night and informing them I had my night's sleep all right."

SEES A CHANCE FOR SOCIALISTS

CHICAGO, December 9.—"If Chicago becomes disgusted with both the Republican and the Democratic parties, as has Milwaukee, it is quite likely that the city government, like that of Milwaukee, will fall into the hands of a so-called socialist party."

This statement was made today by Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university, who arrived in Chicago from Milwaukee and will give a public lecture this evening in Association hall, 153 La Salle street, on efficiency in government administration.

"In Milwaukee," said Mr. Eliot, "the so-called socialist government is opportunist in its nature. It ignores the question of property and does what it can toward conducting properly the affairs of the city. The government is controlled, I have heard, by a secret council, which is not representative of the majority of the voters. That is objectionable to the American citizen, who maintains a right to proper representation.

"The opportunists in Milwaukee, with their hired experts who attend to the business of the city, are doing something that might be of benefit to other cities—to Chicago. Nevertheless I am sure that real socialism will never gain much ground in America."